

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



LAZY PAUL TURNED TO SOME USE.

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AT MRS. WEBB'S.

THERE was company at Mrs. Webb's—Mrs. Dawson, Henry Wenlock, and a Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan: a tall insipid man lost in the contemplation of his own beard, and his wife, a fat comely lady of about forty, so round, so smooth, so smiling, so full of her own perfections, that you found yourself wondering whether she made life as easy and full of sunshine to those around her as she evidently did to herself.

She had just come over from Paris, and Louisa could not take her eyes off the novel arrangement of her head-dress.

"So striking, so elegant," she sighed; "ah, if mamma would only let me keep a French maid! How I do hate everything English."

Louisa continued in a lackadaisical state all through dinner, although Henry Wenlock, who sat between Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, did his best to amuse her. In Janet's absence Miss Webb did not feel half as anxious to captivate him.

Secretly Wenlock was very dull himself; he had only accepted Mrs. Webb's invitation because Janet had asked him to take every opportunity of seeing Christy during her absence; but he had looked for a letter from her that morning and it had not come. He was not in the best temper in the world.

He thought Mrs. Buchanan, with her winning ways and incessant display of white teeth, an insufferable mass of conceit; but she never discovered his dislike—it could not have occurred to this lady that any one could help being charmed with her. It was a refuge to Henry to turn to Louisa.

Up-stairs, while Louisa, seated on a stool at Mrs. Buchanan's feet, was endeavouring to elicit the secrets of the new *coiffure*, Mrs. Webb took Mrs. Dawson into counsel.

"Poor Janet, she is so very eccentric; never consults me about the smallest trifle. I believe she has more confidence in that woman Thompson—between ourselves, I think she is a trifle touched in the head."

"Who, Thompson? dear me, that is sad, when you think she has her bread to earn and all; and you know there was a lady's-maid who cut her mistress's throat from insanity—so easily done, too, in putting on your cap, or anything. Now I come to think of it, Thompson has put mine on for me often at Rockstone. Dear me, Mrs. Webb, I wish you hadn't told me, you have given me quite a turn."

The gentlemen came up and the conversation became more general.

There was a lamentation from Mrs. Webb because Mrs. Buchanan, who had a reputation as a musician, had nearly cut the top of her thumb off in carving for a party of friends at luncheon, and was consequently disabled; but the fat round dame made quite as much market out of her chopped thumb as she would have afforded by her musical efforts. She had small plump hands, and she held them up to designate the injured digit in such a fascinating, appealing manner, that while Mr. Webb thought her almost the most charming creature he had ever seen, Henry Wenlock felt as if he must leave the room at once.

"So unfortunate for me, is it not?" said Mrs. Buchanan; "for I use my hands."

"One would call a man who indulged in such antics an intolerable puppy," said Henry Wenlock to himself; "what must one call a woman?"

He had placed himself near the piano. Louisa was singing, and her mother attributed his movement to irresistible attraction.

Mrs. Webb was sitting beside Mrs. Dawson, near enough to be overheard by Captain Wenlock even when she spoke in a low voice.

"How fond he is of singing," she said, designating Henry by a movement of her head.

Mrs. Dawson looked, and fell into the trap at once.

"How much Louey has improved," she said; and then, lowering her voice, "Don't you think it a great pity for Henry's sake that Janet can't sing?"

"Yes, it is a pity," said Mrs. Webb, thoughtfully, with a furtive glance every now and then towards the piano; "and yet it would be useless for her to try, she has neither ear nor voice. A wife who cannot play and sing is such a drawback to a man in society, especially if he sings."

She was perfectly aware that Henry Wenlock could not accompany himself.

"Why did you say Janet was eccentric just now?" said good, blundering Mrs. Dawson.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Webb, warningly—she saw Wenlock fidget, and she thought he would move away.

"Louey, love, can't you play that lovely little bit of Schubert?" and then, knowing that Louisa would keep Henry beside her to turn over her leaves, she answered Mrs. Dawson:—

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean, and leave you to judge. Of course I have a daughter of my own and try to bring her up carefully. I do not set up for a strait-laced prudish person, you know; but still even I call it eccentric for so very young a girl to run after Mr. Painsion as Janet does."

"Does she really, now?" said Mrs. Dawson; she loved Janet, but gossip was as necessary to her as daily food.

"Oh yes; goes to his office, you know, and stays hours there, and never utters a syllable about it to any one."

"Well, but"—Mrs. Dawson's conscience reproached her for listening so quietly—"don't you think she goes, perhaps by Captain Wenlock's wish, and to consult Mr. Painsion for him?"

"It may be so. I wonder the idea had not occurred to me; only Captain Wenlock does not give me the notion of a man who would let a woman manage either him or his affairs, he is so very manly and energetic."

"Then I am quite afraid Janet will be wasted on him," said Aunt Dawson, in the glow of confidence which a little special notice was sure to elicit from her; "for I don't know any one who is so well able to advise others: she would be quite a treasure to a weak husband, now. She is so thoroughly strong-minded, and I fancy she likes to rule."

Mrs. Webb laughed.

"You know her so much better than I do, you see; but depend upon it, Mrs. Dawson, Janet will manage her husband: a strong-minded woman always rules after marriage—especially one who knows how to keep her own secrets; and I dare say it is all for the best; we who are more yielding and dependent only give our husbands much unnecessary trouble, I believe. Poor Louey, how she will cling to the opinion of the man she marries!"

"Poor Louey" was left to finish her romance alone. Henry Wenlock had never been noted for self-control, and he had no idea of exerting it on the present occasion. Against his will he had heard every word of this conversation; it was impossible to him to remain quiet and talk drawing-room platitudes for the rest of the evening, with such a turmoil of vexed thoughts in his mind.

Mrs. Webb protested against his departure, but secretly she rejoiced at the effect of her words. She read in his face that he was vexed and anxious.

"If I can once make him thoroughly jealous," she said, "it will do; it is only a preconceived idea of Janet, I believe, that holds him to this unsuitable engagement; once his eyes are opened, he must love Louey, and what a blessing it will be in every way to get her married!"

Captain Wenlock was very angry; at first he had heard incredulously, but then he suddenly remembered that on his last day of freedom he had asked Janet to go with him to a photographer's, as he was not satisfied with the likeness he had of her. Janet had refused, on the plea of a previous engagement, and when he inquired into its nature, she told him it was only a matter of business.

She had smiled, certainly, and had seemed really sorry to disappoint him; but Wenlock abhorred mystery, and the notion of a wife who could keep her own secrets was most jarring to his warm-hearted, impulsive nature. He saw no impropriety in her consulting Mr. Painson; the man was old enough to be her father, and yet he felt stung that she should do this unknown to him.

"She is almost my wife"—he walked slowly back to Jermyn Street—"and my wife must trust me wholly; she shall be as free as air, and manage just as she pleases, but there can be no true love where there is even a shadow of concealment."

With the word "manage" came the remembrance of the rest of Mrs. Webb's words. He would have despised himself if he had been aware that they moved him. He almost thought he should prefer a silly wife to one who would "manage" him.

He had intended to write to Janet that evening; he wanted to tell her he had seen Christy, and to implore her to write more frequently; now he should wait till she wrote again.

"As to mysteries," he said, "the first time I get Janet alone, I will know the truth of this Painson business. What is the use of going on with doubts and heartburnings, when a few simple words will set all straight?"

And Henry Wenlock went to sleep, persuaded in his honest single-heartedness that if all the folks in the world would speak only plain truth, and the whole truth, about everything, to each other, all the wrongs of life would be righted.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—JANET'S DISCOVERY.

MEANTIME Kitty had reached the kitchen garden; she went prowling about, first into a potting house, then into tool sheds, and at last, seated on some bass mats, with a pipe in his mouth, she found Paul Robbins.

He started at the sight of his aunt, and grew pale through his dark gipsy skin. Sharp-eyed Kitty noticed these signs, spite of the waning light, and knew that she had him at an advantage.

"Well, Paul, my lad"—she spoke heartily—"I be right pleased to see 'ee. Since 'ee's na come to see I, I be come to see 'ee instead. What do 'ee think o' that?"

Paul muttered something about his being always too busy to go anywhere, and dexterously, as he thought, hid his pipe out of sight.

"Dwoant 'ee stow 'eer bacey away for I, lad," said Kitty, chuckling grimly at the lad's discomfiture; "'ee be so busy allus, be ye? I dwoant know, lad, what 'ee calls busy, but I'se na call it busy to be let smooke bacey afore dark, and t'other chaps hard at work yet."

Paul saw there was no help for it, so he made the best story he could. His first situation had been in London, and a year or two there had taken much of his native dialect away.

"Be quiet," he said, in an earnest whisper, "will ye? It be as much as my place be worth if Mr. Tomkins or one of the gardeners should hear that I was smoking; it be only," he said, turning his face away from the keen eyes, "as I've a bad toothache, and I've heard say bacey be good for it."

"Dwoant 'ee mak excuses," said the indignant old woman; "if 'ee wants I'se na to tell tales, 'ee be taking the wrong road, my lad. I knaws what ye

been arter, an now, sin ye ha gi'en up work for 'eeself, happen ee'll do a stroke for Kitty."

Paul professed himself willing and able to do anything she might require. He knew her to be universally respected among the few old servants left at Rookstone, and among these was Mr. Tomkins, the head gardener, a strict disciplinarian, who punished "loafing" by dismissal.

"Our pears be roipe, lad," she said, gravely, "and Jem him be feared to ask for the loan o' a pair o' steps, so, thinks I, Paul, him beant done I so much as one good turn since I spoke to t' old Madam to get he put in t' garden work; an I say I knaws Paul wonna say nay, when I ask him for the steps to gather in the pears."

"I'll carry 'em down to the lodge this evening," said Paul, with alacrity.

"Thank thee, lad, there be no need. Set 'em thereabouts among t' shrubs where I be a gwoin to show 'ee, and my Jem ull carry 'em down for I, and bring 'em back while 'ee be a thinkin' o't."

Lazy Paul made no objection, and Kitty led the way triumphantly, followed by the dark-browed, lumbering fellow, with a pair of high steps on his shoulder.

It has been said that the saloon formed the garden frontage, flanked at either corner by a large circular room, the great dining and drawing-rooms. The terrace extended to the angle of these, and then the ground sloped abruptly downwards, so that the windows on the left side of the house facing the avenue—and the study window was one of these—were at the height of some ten or twelve feet from the ground. There was a thinly-planted shrubbery just below the study window; through this ran a gravelled path, communicating with the carriage sweep in front; beyond the gravel path the shrubbery was much thicker.

As Kitty drew near the gravelled walk, from the thicker side of the shrubbery, her sharp eyes spied some one beneath the study window. She made a sudden halt, and turned to her nephew.

"This be nigh enow, and thank 'ee, Paul; an' the next time 'ee smokes so early dwoant 'ee do it nigh o' them bass mats, thay be rare 'uns for catching light, that them be."

Paul made off hastily, leaving the steps where she bade him, and Kitty chuckled at the hold her discovery had given her over what she termed "a loafing vagabond."

As soon as he was out of sight she moved cautiously forward till she reached the gravelled path, and then she stood still dismayed. She had felt sure she saw Janet's waterproof cloak beneath the study window, and she had dismissed Paul lest he too should see it.

The place was vacant now; but at the angle of the house nearest the hall entrance she caught a glimpse of Mr. François Leroux.

"The black-bearded rascal!" ejaculated Kitty; "him be makin' he's hay in sunshine. Smokin' he's nasty cigars in the very front o' t' house; I jist hope he's measter may ketch him at it."

The rain had ceased: she looked up longingly at the clouds, still moving too swiftly to promise any long cessation of the showers. Spite of her rheumatics, Kitty would have given much to ensure another torrent of rain, for she knew this would drive the Frenchman off the field. He was not in sight now, but she felt that he was walking up and down the front of the house.

"Be him set on to watch?" she asked herself, anxiously; and then she held her breath with excitement, for this time she had not deceived herself. There was Janet in her dark-grey cloak, peeping round from the back angle of the building. Kitty dared not speak or move, or give the slightest indication of her presence. She must trust that Janet's own discretion would keep her from making a rustling among the shrubs, for Leroux would be back in another minute. Yes, here he was, and Kitty almost groaned in her agony of apprehension. Her fear was for Janet. She herself had a perfect right to be standing where she was, at the entrance of a winding path in the thick shrubbery, leading away to the distant outhouses; but a young lady like Miss Wolferston had "no call," as Kitty said, "to be jammed up against the wall, ankle deep in the soft wet mould, and hiding among thay dripping shrubs." All she could hope was that in the fast growing darkness Monsieur François would not distinguish either of them; but still Kitty knew that she dared not attempt the risk of carrying the steps out of their hiding-place till the Frenchman was fairly off the premises.

"Them be rare fickle 'uns, be furrineers. Maybe him'll soon tire o' prancing up and down loike a bantam cock. It be a wonder him stay here at all wi' ne'er a body lookin' at he. If Muss Janet ull bide still us'll tide over yet, unless him be set on to watch."

It seemed to be as she had hoped: the clouds moved more and more swiftly, until, rolling themselves into one dense leaden knot overhead, they seemed to hold counsel together, and then parting in sudden discord, poured down their wrath in liquid torrents.

Janet pressed yet more closely against the wall for shelter, and poor old Kitty was glad to crawl under the drooping branches of a copper beech-tree to escape the violence of the storm.

As to Monsieur Leroux, he dashed into the hall, obfuscating and gesticulating at this *vilain* climate, which gave to a poet no opportunity of refreshing his ideas by a contemplation of nature.

But the brave old woman knew that while the furious rain lasted she and Janet might pursue their schemes in safety. She raised the steps, and although she staggered under their weight, she carried them out from behind the shrubs across the gravelled walk towards Janet's hiding-place. She could scarcely see her young lady now, for a sudden increase of darkness had come with the storm.

"Muss Janet," she whispered, "be ye there?"

Janet stood beside her in an instant, and half relieved her of her load. Poor old Kitty had not known till then how much too heavy a task she had set herself.

Neither of them spoke till the steps were firmly placed beneath the study window, no easy matter in this blinding, pelting rain, and on the sodden mould into which they seemed each moment to sink deeper.

Janet's heart was throbbing wildly. Here was the moment for which she had planned and striven, and yet, now that the way was clear—that she had only to mount the steps and see with her own eyes the proof of Richard's guilt—she hesitated and drew back.

Kitty could not see her face plainly, but she saw that there was a needless delay.

"Coom, Muss Janet, pluck up a sperrit and climb

up steps; I be a-gwoin to sit on bottommost, no fear of slipping then—coom, up wi' ye."

"I'm not afraid of slipping, Kitty; but suppose the squire or any one should pass and see the steps. Had you not better lay them down among the bushes as soon as I'm up, and shelter yourself somewhere till I let you know I am ready to come down?"

"An' how'll ye do that? Let Kitty be, muss; if so be I can move thay, maybe I'll lay thay down; but I'se na gwoin to stir fro' below the winder, an' if ye just say Kitty, I be here, muss."

The old woman's bravery roused Janet, and she climbed quickly up the steps; the window-ledge was broad enough to stand on, and she tried to raise the sash. Yes, Kitty was right, it moved stiffly, but it was not bolted. It made a startling noise in opening, but this was no time for hesitation. Janet bent her head and stepped into the room. It was quite in darkness, but, with that mechanical memory which seems to serve us without our will, she remembered where she should find a taper and matches. How long it seemed before she found them, and her fingers trembled so that she thought the taper would never be lighted. The flame kindled at last, and then a sickening dread came over her lest the light should be seen from without. It flickered so wildly that she saw she must shut the window if she would not have it extinguished. She closed the noisy, creaking sash, and set the taper on the davenport. Fear seemed to leave her suddenly, and again the fierce desire to punish Richard and redress her brother's wrongs mastered her.

The key lay just within the desk. Janet had felt so sure that she should find the will stowed away as her mother had described it, out of sight, that it was almost a shock, when she opened the second drawer, to see at once a thick roll of paper lying in front.

She took it up eagerly. Her first intention had been to read it and replace it in the drawer; but this seemed, now that she had seen it was a reality, too great a risk—she would take it just as it was to Mr. Painson. She closed the half-opened drawer, replaced the key within the desk, and stooped to blow out the light. Then she hesitated.

"I will see if it is signed first," she said; "though I feel sure it must be."

At first she could not be quite sure where the end came, but when she had carefully looked through all the sheets she saw blank spaces left, evidently for signatures. A mist came over her eyes, and her hands shook as though they were palsied. Thought and recollection grew indistinct, and she sank into her father's high-backed chair; not with the bodily insensibility that had seized her mother in that fatal spot, but as utterly stupefied to outer things. Suddenly she started awake—a clicking sound roused her—she listened in a breathless agony of terror, for it seemed to come from the door leading into the saloon. All was still again, it had only been her fancy; but thought and memory came back tumultuously. What had she done?—effected an unlawful entrance into a house, and, for the first time, it struck her that it was unlawful, to prove what?—that which was simply unprovable; that which, in fact, had never been done; for unless two wills had been executed, Richard had not committed forgery. In her terror and utter revulsion of feeling—for she felt like a thief—she tried to open the drawer again, so as to replace the will, and regain the

window as quickly as possible; but the key slipped from her nerveless fingers and fell on the floor. It seemed to her impossible to find it in that vast darkness, and like some desperate animal she looked about her for a hiding-place into which she could thrust the will. As she grasped it a new thought dawned. Why did she not read it, and see wherein it differed from that which had been declared genuine. Hurriedly, breathlessly, straining all her senses to gather in its meaning through the technical jargon, she made out that her father had appointed her mother sole guardian of Christy, and that Rookstone had been left unreservedly to him: her mother amply dowered, and she and her sister handsomely provided for. Legacies to old servants, friends—all unremembered in that will which had constituted Richard master of Rookstone; traits of kind thoughtfulness, so like her father that they seemed to bring him back, living, breathing, to her memory, stamped conviction on her mind as she read that these were his genuine intentions, and that no matter how contrived, the other will was indeed a fabrication.

But the mystery seemed darker than ever. She looked eagerly on to see if Richard's name were mentioned. Yes, near the end: he was left a handsome sum of ready money. Her interest had conquered terror; past and future had become centred in trying to read this riddle.

Had fear been as powerful as when she first discovered that the will was unsigned, she must have heard a faint sound at the door leading into the saloon. She would not have started with such a shuddering cry of terror when the door itself opened and Richard Wolferston entered the study.

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

ALSACE and part of Lorraine, so long in the possession of France, have, as the result of the unexpected and decisive war which broke out in July last, been made over to Germany. We may, therefore, befittingly lay before our readers some account of these provinces, and of German public opinion on the question of their acquisition—which from the first marvellous successes of the German arms has been very decidedly expressed.

Alsace and Lorraine, or, according to their ancient Germanic designation, *Elsass* and *Lothringen*, have been for centuries the debateable border territories between France and Germany. Alsace, upon the rise of the Frankish monarchy, fell into the hands of Clovis; and, after his dismembered dominions were united under Charlemagne, it was included in the empire of that prince. Subsequently, Alsace became part of the German Empire, and continued so till 1648, when, by the Treaty of Munster at the close of the Thirty Years' War, a considerable part of it was ceded to France. By the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, Louis XIV obtained the full sovereignty of Alsace, with its capital, Strasburg. By an unwarrantable attack in time of peace he had taken possession of Strasburg, which had been an imperial city; and on the entry of the French, early in October, 1681, its magnificent cathedral was handed over to the Catholic worship, since performed within its walls. Three centuries ago, Henry II of France described Strasburg as "the beautiful pass into the Empire;"

and Count Bismarck has recently called the old Alsatian city the key of his house.

Lorraine is the corrupted form of Lotharingia, or Kingdom of Lothaire.* A glance at the map will show that the situation of this territory rendered it what it subsequently became, an apple of discord between the German Empire and the kingdom of France.

So early as the tenth century, on the death of Louis II, the last emperor of the blood of Charlemagne, Lorraine was taken by the French. sanguinary contests ensued for its possession. Finally, that portion known as Upper Lorraine became a fief of the Empire, and was governed by dukes receiving their nomination from the emperor. This mode of government lasted eighty years, until a line of hereditary dukes was originated in the person of Albert of Alsace. This line flourished during seven centuries, and produced many eminent and accomplished rulers, some of whom, at a critical period, governed the councils of France. The illustrious French House of Guise sprang from Claude, fifth son of René II, Duke of Lorraine. It had long been the settled policy of France, guided by the hands of the cardinal ministers, Richelieu and Mazarin, to extend the borders of that kingdom in the direction of Alsace and Lorraine. These territories were frequently overrun by French troops. Richelieu caused seventeen castles and fortresses of Lorraine to be dismantled, and even drove its duke into exile. In expectation of Alsace becoming French, it was made over to Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a prince without heirs, on condition of his owning the authority of the French king. The efforts of Richelieu by diplomacy and war ultimately bore fruit, as we have described, in the final acquisition of Alsace by France.

At a much later period followed the incorporation of Lorraine. The events immediately preceding, which led to this, may be briefly stated. Henry, Duke of Lorraine, was succeeded by his nephew and son-in-law, the famous and unfortunate Duke Charles. In the Thirty Years' War, Charles took the side of Germany against France, an alliance which, for a time, cost him his dukedom. Having entered the Spanish service, he was arrested for some offence by the Spaniards and imprisoned. Louis XIV, however, procured the liberation of the duke, but on terms which made him a dependent of the French monarch. The heir to the dukedom of Lorraine, Charles Leopold, was the nephew of Charles, who, having declined to enter into a marriage proposed to him by his uncle, the latter forwarded a despatch to Louis XIV, which was received by the king as he was enjoying the gay delights of the fair at St. Germain in 1661. When Louis had read the missive, he joyously remarked that he had obtained a more precious prize than could be found in the fair. The despatch from Lorraine contained an offer to make over the duchy to France after the death of Charles, on condition that the princes of the House of Lorraine should be reckoned among the princes of the blood-royal of France.

Duke Charles died in 1675. There were difficulties in the way of the annexation of Lorraine to France at that time, which neither Louis nor his able minister, Colbert, could overcome. Charles Leopold,

* The first king of Lorraine was Lothaire, son of the Emperor Lothaire I, who was one of the sons of Louis the Pious, the son and successor of Charlemagne.

famous in the wars of that period, was but the nominal sovereign of the duchy from 1675 to 1690. The recovery of the dukedom which was denied to him was, however, realised in the person of his son, Leopold Joseph, by the terms of the peace of Ryswick in 1697, after Lorraine had been held by the French for more than a quarter of a century. Leopold Joseph died in 1729: his son, Francis Stephen, was the last of the hereditary dukes of Lorraine.

By the political arrangements of the period, Cardinal Fleury finally effected the annexation of the duchy to France. Instead of Lorraine, Francis Stephen accepted Tuscany, and, becoming the husband of Maria Theresa, he ascended the imperial throne. Maria Theresa and Francis could alike trace their descent from Gerard of Alsace, the nephew of Albert, the first duke of the hereditary line of Lorraine; and consequently their descendant, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is the living representative of the ancient and famous ducal house. The old duchy did not, however, immediately revert to the French crown. Among the unseparated monarchs of the time was Stanislaus Leszczynski, who had been carried to the throne of Poland by Charles XII, and who was afterwards driven from it. Louis xv married the daughter of Stanislaus, and gave Lorraine to his father-in-law in life interest. The new duke passed a pleasant life under the protection of the French king. He kept a brilliant court, governed with remarkable wisdom, and made of his capital, Nancy, a city of parks and palaces.

After the decease of Stanislaus, Lorraine lost every shadow of independence, and became a province of France; but this change was not carried into effect without riots, in which the Lorraine women took a share. As a province it disappeared at the Revolution, when provincial governments were abolished; and that part of the old kingdom of Lothaire is now divided into the departments of the Meurthe, the Meuse, and the Moselle. The Vosges department is formed out of the south part of the old province of Lorraine, and derives its name from the Vosges mountains, a chain which forms the western boundary of the Rhine valley, and runs northwards beyond the confines of France. The range of the Vosges was the theatre of many bloody struggles between the dukes of Burgundy and Lorraine. One of these, the contest between René II of Lorraine and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, forms one of the themes of the "Anne of Geierstein" of Sir Walter Scott. The Burgundian was defeated at Nancy, and his dead body found in a marsh near the city. The gentle René, it is said, took the frozen hand of Charles and exclaimed, "God have your soul, cousin, although you have caused me many a pain and sorrow." René refused to confiscate the property of any of the adherents of Charles in Lorraine, and, of all the rich spoil which fell to him, he retained only a crystal vase, out of which he drank, after the duke's funeral, "to the oblivion of vengeance."

Lorraine forms the north-eastern frontier of France. The inhabitants are of a mingled race, grave in manner, and deficient in the usual vivacity of the French. The German language is still spoken on the eastern borders. In the department of the Moselle, the surface of the country is in general uneven. The hills in the east are offshoots from the Vosges, and in the west from the Ardennes. There are no plains properly so called. The valleys are

narrow; the finest of them is that watered by the Moselle, which is specially noted for the beauty of its scenery and the richness of its soil. The principal chain of the Vosges runs along the eastern boundary of the Meurthe department, reaching in one of its summits the height of 1,148 feet above the plain. The rest of the department presents a pleasing variety of hills, dales, and well-watered valleys. Dense forests cover the hills which branch off in a north-western direction. Somewhat similar physical characteristics belong to the department of Meuse, which includes the old duchy of Bar. The basin of the Meuse is for the most part narrow, the French portion of it being a mere strip of a few miles in width, hemmed in between high hills.

Between the Vosges and the Rhine lies Alsace, divided into the departments Bas-Rhin and Haut-Rhin. The country has a general slope from these with mountains to the great German river, diversified rising hills and pleasant vales, and with numerous forests of fir, beech, and oak. These forests in general cover the mountains. The extensive plain or valley of the Rhine is extremely fertile; rich in corn-fields and sloping vineyards, with numerous towns and villages, it presents an attractive scene enclosed by the silvery border of the Rhine on the east. The origin of the natives of Alsace is indicated by their dress, manners, and customs, as well as by their language, which is German. They are honest and kind-hearted, and sincerely attached to their French nationality. French is spoken in the towns and among the higher classes. Strasburg, the ancient capital of Alsace, now the chief town of Bas-Rhin, suffered much during its recent siege. Its grand cathedral was injured, and its valuable library destroyed. In early life Goethe studied at Strasburg, and there took his degree of doctor in laws. In his autobiography, he gives graphic notices of the social life and sentiments of the Alsatians. "Alsace," he says, "had not been connected with France so long that an affectionate adherence to the old constitution, manners, language, and costume did not exist with old and young."

John Frederick Oberlin, whose memory is revered by every Alsatian, was a native of Strasburg, and became the pastor of Waldbach, in the valley of Ban de la Roche, in Alsace, in 1767. The peasantry among whom his lot was cast were ignorant and half savage, lived in miserable huts, and were shut out from the civilised world. He worked with his own hands at bridge and road making, and by his example roused the dormant energies of his parishioners. He instructed them in the art of the cultivation of the soil, and assisted them in building comfortable cottages. The boys he sent to learn farming and the mechanical trades, and set the unemployed girls to knitting, straw plaiting, and cotton-spinning. He erected a school-house in each of the five districts of his wide and scattered parish, and furnished the schools with teachers qualified by his own assiduous instructions. His homely sermons on the Sabbath, his prayer-meetings during the week, his blending religion with the duties of common life, and his humble but active piety, all contributed to the spiritual welfare of the people of his charge. Oberlin was, during sixty years, the father of the Ban de la Roche. He died in June, 1826.

During the period of the Reformation, Martin Bucer maintained the doctrines of Luther at Strasburg, where for twenty years he taught divinity, and

was one of the ministers of the town. He was a native of Alsace. The difficulties and hardships he encountered on the Continent induced him to accept the invitation of Archbishop Cranmer, and to fix his residence in England. He was appointed to teach theology at Cambridge, and was a special favourite of Edward VI. Bucer died at Cambridge in 1551, and was there buried.

The capital of the Haut-Rhin is Colmar, a flourishing town near the foot of the Vosges, distant a mile and a half from the river Ill. It was once, like Strasburg, an imperial city. Louis XIV took it in 1673, and razed its fortifications, which have been replaced by agreeable boulevards. Nancy, formerly the capital of Lorraine, was the residence of the long and distinguished line of the dukes of that country. It is now the capital of the department of Meurthe, and is situated in a beautiful and fertile plain, bounded by wooded hills, on the left bank of the river. Nancy owes many of its adornments to Stanislaus Leszczynski, whose statue stands in the principal square of the city. The Church of the Cordeliers contains the Chapelle Ducale, the mausoleum of the dukes of Lorraine, a beautiful marble structure of an octagonal form. The present Emperor of Austria, the representative of the ancient race, still reigns over the few square yards enclosed by this structure, wherein are ranged the cenotaphs of all the dukes of Lorraine, from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. The ecclesiastical staff of the edifice is in Austrian pay, and no repairs are done but at Austrian cost. It is the property of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Such is the last shadow of the ancient authority over the once-powerful dukedom of Lorraine.

Near the tomb of the dukes lies the body of a native of Nancy, the great engraver, Jacques Callot. Callot worked at Rome and Florence, alike with the brush, the graver, and the etching needle. Returning, famous, to Nancy, he received the protection of Henry, Duke of Lorraine. In 1628 he proceeded to Paris to finish the engravings of the Rochelle expedition, which he had joined in the suite of Louis XIII at the express command of the king. Once again in his native city, his wrath was greatly excited by the French king laying siege to Nancy; and being requested to commemorate the event by an etching, he answered, indignantly, "Sire, I am a Lorrainer. I would sooner cut off my thumb than perpetuate the disgrace of my country or the dishonour of my king." The court waited an explosion; but Louis benignly replied, "Monsieur Callot, your answer does you honour. I envy the Duke of Lorraine such subjects." Lorraine boasts another great artist, Claude Gellée, called Claude Lorraine, from the country of his birth, several of whose well-known landscapes hang in our National Gallery, beside the rival pictures by Turner.

Metz, the capital of the department of the Moselle, but now no longer the boast and pride of France, has acquired a fresh and world-wide celebrity from its recent siege and the surrender of the French army commanded by Bazaine. It was formerly a free imperial city, and the residence of a prince-bishop. Charles V besieged Metz, but at the end of ten months was compelled to raise the siege. The department of the Meuse has for its chief town Bar-le-Duc, the seat for several centuries of the dukes of Bar. Marshal Oudinot was a native of Bar, and in the town a statue has been erected to his honour.

The aim of the Germans in the deplorable war, which has inflicted such suffering and desolation, was

to recover for Germany the strongholds of Metz and Strasburg and certain portions of territory. These material securities were deemed essential to the future defence of that country. Count Bismarck had made this clear by his circulars, and German writers loudly echoed the demands of the count. Among the various pamphlets published on this subject, that by Heinrich von Treitschke, Professor of History at Heidelberg, deserves notice as a matured expression of German opinion made months before the end of the war.* The professor demanded from France the departments of Haut-Rhin and Bas-Rhin (Alsace in its entirety), and of Lorraine—the greater part of the department of Moselle and the lesser part of that of Meurthe, that is, the whole of what is called German Lorraine and part of the French-speaking province, including the city of Metz. To meet the objection of the unwillingness of the inhabitants of these lands to be transferred from France to Prussia, an unwillingness which received a signal expression on the opening of the National Assembly at Bordeaux, he says, "In view of our obligation to secure the peace of the world, who will venture to object that the people of Elsass and Lothringen do not want to belong to us? The doctrine of the right of all branches of the German race to decide on their destinies, the plausible solution of demagogues without a fatherland, shivers to pieces in presence of the sacred necessity of these great days. These territories are ours by nature and by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation, which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire. We Germans, who know Germany and France, know better than these unfortunates themselves what is good for the people of Elsass, who have remained under the misleading influence of their French connection outside the sympathies of New Germany. Against their will, we will restore them to their true selves." Metz, our author acknowledges, is French, in spite of its traditions as an imperial city; yet, with the reluctance of its inhabitants to sever themselves from their country, he makes short work. "The comfort of the French at Metz is of little importance compared with the necessity of securing its natural capital and a strong bulwark for the province of Lothringen. In process of time German ways of life will find a home once more in the ancient episcopal city." These extracts we give as a specimen of the opinions and views of German political writers on the situation created by the war. Severe and inexorable as Bismarck's demands were, and deeply as they are felt in France, he was, as concerns territorial acquisition, but the mouthpiece of the irresistible opinion of a united Germany. Whether the acquisition of the coveted strongholds, with the adjoining territories, taken by the sword and held by the sword, will, in the long run, conduce to the welfare and repose of Germany, is assuredly matter of grave doubt. We do not, however, enter into such discussions, but rather conclude our sketch by citing once more from Professor von Treitschke, a passage in the main very fair and just, in which he acknowledges the benefits the Alsations have derived from French rule, and in which, also, he candidly owns the difficulties to be encountered in breaking up the ties and associations formed by national feeling and by ages of intercourse. "The inhabitant

* "What we demand from France." Macmillan and Co., 1870.

of Alsace," he says, "was introduced by France sooner than we Germans have been into the grand activity of the modern economical world. To France he owes a most admirable organisation of the means of commercial intercourse, a wide market, the influx of capital on a great scale, and a high rate of wages, which, to this day, draws daily labourers in crowds at harvest-time from the fields of Baden across the Rhine. The son of Elsass is bound to his great state not merely by ancient loyalty and pride, but by material bonds, the power of which we, in our freer political life, generally fail to appreciate. A bureaucratic centralisation possesses this advantage, after all, among a thousand sins, that it penetrates like a binding mortar into every joint of the social edifice, and renders it unspeakably difficult to break one of its stones out of the wall. What labour will be requisite before the threads which lead across from Strasburg and Colmar to Paris are cut! The smallest amount of resistance will probably be offered to the reconquest in Lower Elsass, where a third of the population is Protestant, and where a vigorous intercourse is carried on with Baden and the Palatinate. The state of affairs on the Upper Rhine is far less promising. A powerful clergy is there, adding fuel to the hatred of the lively and excitable people against Germany, and finds no counterpoise in the Protestant portion of the population, which amounts only to a tithe. But it is in German Lothringen that we are threatened by the most embittered hostility. In a population almost exclusively Catholic, German ways of thought and life have never found so grand a development as in Elsass; and for more than a century they have been abused by all the evil artifices of the French bureaucracy; besides which, their ordinary intercourse takes the peasantry to two French towns, Metz and Nancy. Most assuredly, the task of there reuniting the broken links between the ages is one of the heaviest that has ever been imposed upon the political forces of our nation." Whatever may be the hopes and fears for the future on the part of the two nations concerned, a wonderful result has been achieved. Alsace and a fifth part of Lorraine, with the fortresses of Strasburg and Metz, France has ceded to Germany, which, with £200,000,000 of war indemnity, is undoubtedly the heaviest sacrifice any great power has been called on to make in modern history.

JOHN MACGREGOR, "ROB ROY."

On the morning of the 1st of March, 1825, a small brig, the "Cambria," Captain William Cooke, having been overtaken by stormy weather, was beating about in the Bay of Biscay. Bearing down upon him, the captain of the "Cambria" descried a large vessel under press of sail, which proved to be the "Kent" East Indiaman on fire, with the 31st regiment of British troops on board. When asked how many he could take, "All," Cooke nobly replied, and, with great difficulty in a heavy sea, of the crew and passengers of the "Kent" (640 souls in all), he succeeded in gallantly rescuing from impending and horrible death not fewer than 557. These were safely landed at Falmouth. Among the saved, and the first of the passengers of the "Kent" handed on board the "Cambria," was a child a few weeks

old, now widely known as John MacGregor, of "Rob Roy" fame, and the subject of our notice.

John MacGregor was born at Gravesend on the 24th of January, 1825. His father, Major (now General) Sir Duncan MacGregor, K.C.B., was, when the calamity of fire overtook the "Kent," proceeding to India with his regiment, accompanied by his wife and infant son. In the same year (1825) Major MacGregor was promoted to the colonelcy of the 93rd Highlanders—a regiment distinguished for gallantry and good conduct. When the 93rd, under the command of Colonel MacGregor, was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, some thirty years ago, every one of the soldiers used to march to church with his Bible and Presbyterian Psalm-book; and it is recorded that on one occasion nearly seven hundred of them together partook of the sacrament. In 1838, Colonel MacGregor was appointed inspector-general of constabulary of Ireland, a post which he held for twenty years; and in 1848, in recognition of his services, he received the honour of knighthood. It was in Ireland that the youthful years of John MacGregor were spent, and there, when a lad of seventeen, he had a second narrow escape of his life, having been wrecked when alone in an iron yacht, in the Irish Channel. The oldest of four sons—each of whom excelled in manly exercises—he early showed a love of adventure. His brother, Lieutenant Douglas MacGregor, served in the Crimean War, and was the attached friend of the well-known Christian soldier, Hedley Vicars. A letter, written by Lieutenant MacGregor to Lady MacGregor, on the death of Vicars, who fell in a Russian sortie, breathes the genuine sorrow of a true and brother-like attachment. Douglas MacGregor, animated by the same pious spirit, took up and continued the labours of his deceased friend, visiting the hospitals and reading and praying with the sick soldiers. Adjutant to his regiment at an unusually early age, and with every promise of distinction, it was only six months after Vicars fell that he too was slain. He penetrated twice into the Redan, the second time to come out no more. The lifeless body of the young and gallant officer was found far advanced into the interior of the Redan.

John MacGregor began his education at the King's School, Canterbury, and afterwards, moving with his father's regiment, he was at no fewer than eight different schools in a period of four years. At Trinity College, Dublin, he gained three first prizes; and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he received his further University education, was a wrangler, and took two first classes.

In 1845, at the age of twenty, Mr. MacGregor first began to write and sketch for "Punch," and has done so at intervals for many years, giving the proceeds to the police-office poor-boxes. In 1847 he entered at the Inner Temple, and took the degree of M.A. of Cambridge; and in January, 1851, was called to the Bar. It was also in 1847 that he joined the Ragged School Union, and from that time he has taken an active and prominent part in various efforts to improve the temporal and spiritual condition of the lowest and most neglected of our London juvenile population. In a lecture on Ragged Schools he gave a sketch of their rise, progress, and results, defining a ragged school to be "a school in which the most squalid, ignorant, and degraded criminal classes receive free instruction in the Scriptures from a body of unpaid volun-

tary teachers of all evangelical denominations." Mr. MacGregor visited Paris during the Revolution of 1848, and in 1849-50 made a long tour in Europe and the Levant, ending with Palestine and Egypt. Soon after this he published "Three Days in the

circulated. In connection with the Rev. Sydney Turner, now her Majesty's Inspector of Reformatories, Mr. MacGregor acted as honorary secretary of the "Birmingham Conference," which resulted in the Reformatories Act, the Industrial Schools Acts,



John Macgregor.

Captain of the Yawl "Rob Roy," 4 tons.

East," a little book designed to illustrate the terms and allusions of Scripture. The profits the author devoted to ragged schools.

When the whole of England was roused by the Papal aggression of 1850, Mr. MacGregor became Honorary Secretary of the Protestant Defence Committee, and until the present time he has acted in the same capacity to the Protestant Alliance. From the origin of the Pure Literature Society he has actively promoted its interests; and we may here mention that he discharged the duties of secretary to the Ladies' Committee for the address to the women of the United States upon slavery. The Open-Air Mission has from the first had the benefit of Mr. MacGregor's valuable management, and in the labours of street preaching he has also himself borne a share. His tract, "Go out quickly," urging the practice of open-air preaching, was very extensively

and the Reformatory and Refuge Union. In March, 1851, in addition to these varied labours, our active practical philanthropist, aided by two other barristers, founded the original Shoeblack Society, and, with a committee, has directed its operations until the present time. "Shoeblacks and Broomers," in the form of a letter, was written by Mr. MacGregor in January, 1852, and gives an account of the movement begun in the preceding year. The success which has attended this benevolent organisation has been largely owing to his sustained exertions. It is an interesting fact, and deserves special mention, that the various Shoeblack Societies of London, managed by separate committees, but on similar systems, numbering 400 boys, earn £10,000 yearly. The boys meanwhile get a fair education, with the best influence on their characters, and are prepared for permanent situations at home and abroad.

In 1851 "Eastern Music" was published, with piano accompaniments and zincograph illustrations, being a collection of airs from Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and Judea, learned by Mr. MacGregor in his travels; and two years later, "The Ascent of Mont Blanc" was issued, with four pictures in oils by Baxter, of which 10,000 copies were sold. In this ascent our traveller was accompanied part of the way by the late Mr. Albert Smith, and Dr. Russell, of the "Times." A summer tour in Canada and the United States was recorded in the little work, "Our Brothers and Cousins," published in 1858. When in America, Mr. MacGregor gave, on different occasions, not less than fifty addresses. The memorable events of the great Civil War and the abolition of slavery have occurred in the United States since his visit, so that the words in which he sums up his impressions of the American Republic have lost none of their force by the lapse of time. "I take leave of this country," he says, "with my estimate of it much elevated, and my interest in it quickened intensely; with deep affection for hundreds of its citizens; gratitude, admiration, and surprise mingling, as I review our intercourse. Verily, this is a great nation, and a great country."

In 1865 Mr. MacGregor made his first canoe voyage, the log of which, entitled "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe," was published in the following year. The book became speedily popular, and is now in its eighth edition. In making long excursions with a small boat with double paddle and sails, our author had the merit of originality. The "Water Lily," some years before, had floated on the Rhine and the Danube, but it was rowed by four men; and the "Water Witch," also, in like manner had laboured up French rivers, and on a hundred tedious locks on the Bâle Canal. The covered canoe and the paddle were new as a means of foreign travel, the advantages of which over the row-boat are thus succinctly stated by the captain of the "Rob Roy":—"The voyager looks forward, not backward. As he sits in his little bark, he sees all his course and the scenery besides. With one powerful sweep of his paddle he can instantly turn the canoe. He can steer within an inch in a narrow place, or press through reeds and weeds, branches and grass; can hoist and lower his sail without changing his seat; can shove with his paddle when aground, or jump out in good time to prevent a smash. He can wade and haul the light craft over shallows or on dry ground, through fields and hedges, over dykes, barriers, and walls; can carry it by hand up ladders and stairs, and can transport his boat over high mountains and broad plains in a cart drawn by a horse, a bullock, or a cow." The first cruise of one thousand miles embraced the rivers Thames, Sambro, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe, Marne, and Seine, besides six canals in Belgium and France, and the lakes Titisee, Constance, Unter See, Zurich, Zug, and Lucerne, together with two expeditions in the open sea of the British Channel. In the first part of this excursion the "Rob Roy" was accompanied by the late Earl of Aberdeen in his canoe. In this kind of travelling Mr. MacGregor is an enthusiast. He speaks exultingly of the feeling attendant on the rapid motion of his boat, of the sense of freedom, of the joy of difficulties overcome, and of the grand panorama of river beauties unrolled for days and days together. The pleasures of

canoeing he ranks far above those of all other modes of locomotion; and his opinion is of value because it is that of an experienced traveller. Before he had "paddled his own canoe" he had visited many lands, had climbed glaciers and volcanoes, dived into caves and catacombs, trotted in the Norway carriage, and galloped on the Russian steppes. He had known the charms of a Nile boat and a sail in the Ægean; he had ridden a mule in Spain, swung on a camel in the East, and glided on a sleigh in northern regions. It is exhilarating to peruse Mr. MacGregor's pages. His affection for his boat is charming. There is a dash and light-hearted buoyancy in his descriptions of persons, places, scenes, and incidents, touched at times with an odd humour, not the less taking because it is allied to much freshness of feeling and to an undercurrent of grave thoughtfulness. Nor are the records of these holiday recreations without occasional reflections which arrest attention. For instance, in regard to the lack of Sabbath-keeping on the Continent, our author says, "There is a feeling of dull sameness about life in those countries and places where the week is not staid and centred round a solid day on which lofty and deep things, pure and lasting things, may have at least some hours of our attention." So exceedingly pleasant and successful had been the one thousand miles' cruise that Mr. MacGregor determined on another expedition for the following year. A new canoe was built, shorter, narrower, shallower, lighter, and stronger than the old "Rob Roy," and with every other improvement suggested by experience.

The little volume describing the first cruise created something like a canoe furor. Canoes were speedily built, and the Canoe Club was organised, the commodore of which at the present time is H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The professed objects of the Club are to improve canoes, promote canoeing, and unite canoeists. The Club also arranges matches, and records the cruises of its members, which now number about two hundred noblemen and gentlemen. It has also branches connected with the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Of late foreign canoeists have sought alliance with it. Mr. MacGregor was the founder of the Canoe Club, and takes rank as its captain.

The new "Rob Roy," in length fourteen feet, and with all its apparatus, complete, weighing not more than 71lb., was turned northwards; and a cruise through Sweden, Denmark, Sleswig-Holstein, the Black Sea, and the Baltic was chronicled in a second volume, "The Rob Roy on the Baltic." Referring to Mr. MacGregor's trip among the Scandinavians, a writer has remarked:—"He was just the man to go among a merry-hearted and religious people. His gaiety was akin to their hearty mirth, and they respected the jolly navigator who came among them with the heaviest part of the freight in tracts, and with no article so thoroughly used on board as his pocket Testament. We cannot wonder at his welcome, for, with his frankness and straightforwardness, he seems to have respected all prejudices, adapted himself to all circumstances, and to have won golden opinions from all men, from the commencement of his holiday voyage to its close." None of Mr. MacGregor's trips by land or sea, but combined, with adventure and relaxation, efforts to benefit others. He carried with him a freight of small illustrated books and tracts printed in the language of the people among whom he travelled;

and when unable to hold intelligible conversation, he could at least give away the unpretending leaflets, which bore the Gospel message, and spoke a word about another life. In the two canoe voyages above referred to, the supply of such literature was limited; but in the cruise of the yawl "Rob Roy," along the coast of France and in the British Channel, several boxes were filled with books of various sorts. These presents were given away from day to day, and especially on Sunday afternoons, among the sailors and water-population wherever the "Rob Roy" sailed. "Thousands of seamen can read," says Mr. MacGregor, "and have time, but no books. Bargees lolling about, or prone in the sun, eagerly began a 'Pilgrim's Progress' when thus presented, and sometimes went on reading for hours. Fishermen came off in boats to ask for them; policemen and soldiers, too, begged for a book, and then asked for another for a child at school. Smart yachtsmen were most grateful of all, and some even offered to pay for them; the navvies, lock-keepers, ferrymen, watermen, porters, dockmen, and guardsmen of light-houses, piers, and hulks, as well as many a Royal Navy blue-jacket, gratefully accepted these little souvenirs with every appearance of gratitude. . . . Truly there is a sea mission yet to be worked. Good news was told on the water long ago, and by the Great Preacher from a boat." The profits from the first edition of "The Voyage alone in the Yawl Rob Roy," were devoted towards founding prizes for boys on board training-ships. And here we may advert to the warm interest felt by Mr. MacGregor in the work accomplished by the various reformatory training-ships stationed in different localities. This he has in part shown by establishing these Rob Roy prizes. They consist of a sovereign and a medal, given annually to each of twenty of the most deserving boys on leaving the ships for sea. It must be remembered that the boys received into these ships are rescued from a career of actual or probable crime, and are trained, reformed, and fitted for a seafaring life. Of these training-ships, the "Chichester" is moored at Greenhithe, on the Thames, and is managed by a committee in connection with the St. Giles's Refuge for Boys, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. An appeal, made in a letter to the "Times" by Mr. MacGregor, for subscriptions to purchase a "tender" for the boys, to enable them the better to acquire full knowledge of seamanship, was generously responded to by the Rev. C. Harrington, rector of Bromsgrove, who presented the "Dolphin," a strong, well-built, sea-going yacht of twenty tons, with all her stores complete. It was a happy day for Mr. MacGregor when he conveyed the handsome gift of the "Dolphin" to Greenhithe, and made her over to the homeless boys of the "Chichester."

We hasten to notice the most lengthened and eventful of Mr. MacGregor's excursions—his canoe cruise in Palestine, Egypt, and the waters of Damascus, the account of which in "The Rob Roy on the Jordan" has been well received by the public. The work is dedicated to the Prince of Wales, the Commodore of the Canoe Club, and has already reached a third edition. The reader accompanies with unabated interest the enterprising traveller in his progress through lands and scenes renowned in Bible story. To one whose helping hand had been stretched out for many years to the juvenile outcasts of London, there was much to excite sympathetic appreciation in the schools of Cairo and Beyrout, as also in the

efforts made by the American mission in Syria—"Coming so recently from Egypt," he says, "with its vast plains, to Syria, with its lofty mountains, it was natural to compare the countries and the people of the two; also to regard together the ragged school at Cairo with the training-school at Beyrout, and to consider the separate fields occupied by Miss Whately and Mrs. Thompson, working in the same vineyard. In Cairo, the degradation of the ignorant is deeper; the bonds of women are more cruelly slavish; the position of the Christian teacher is more isolated; the lack of sympathy and companionship is more depressing. Nothing, in fact, but positive heroism could attack such a difficult post as that, or win it, or hold it when a footing was secured. In Beyrout, there is an atmosphere more free, and the brighter faces of the pupils are more gladdening to the teacher's eye; but yet in each place, Cairo and Syria, there is a most signal evidence of the constraining power of Christian love for souls, one more proof of the influence of women in the world when patient, persevering work is to be done, and one more sign that of all women British ladies are the best for noble deeds." Mr. MacGregor's last communication with the schools at Beyrout was a sad letter to the children, enclosing a holly leaf plucked from the open grave of their fond "mother," Mrs. Thompson, in the peaceful cemetery at Blackheath.

Leaving the Suez Canal, the waters of Egypt, and the Red Sea, the "Rob Roy" crossed the Lebanon, and navigated Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus. Some of Mr. MacGregor's descriptions have the sternly realistic features of a photograph. Here is his uncoloured picture of Damascus. "In vain the traveller tries to feel an admiration which he cannot support by the appearance of the place. It may be the oldest, but in wet weather it surely is the filthiest of towns. It may be rich, but the mud walls are what you see, and not the wealth. Damascus is a disappointment; its situation is its chief beauty; and once inside it you cannot realise that, outside these dirty lanes, tumble-down walls, gloomy shops, and crooked bazaars, are the lovely groves, the gushing fountains, the teeming gardens, and the glorious hills. For the fourth time, then, I leave Damascus, and without the least regret." The "Rob Roy" emerged on the Upper Jordan. In the opinion of our traveller, the course of the river is for ten miles almost unknown, and three miles of this interval had most probably never been seen before. As on the Danube, where it is entirely inaccessible by land, and on large portions of rivers in Norway, so on these waters of the Jordan the "Rob Roy" was the first visitor. No slight honour, certainly, for the canoe and its enterprising captain to trace out and unveil to the world even one reach of the renowned and sacred river. For a full account of this and other discoveries of Mr. MacGregor, we must refer our readers to his interesting pages. He has minutely recorded his observations made during twelve days' canoeing on the Sea of Galilee, and has given some graphic sketches of what there met his eye. On the Jordan, the "Rob Roy" was captured by the Arabs, an account of which, with an illustration, was given in the "Leisure Hour" for May, 1870. From its voyagings in Eastern waters, its adventures, and its perils by land and sea, the little craft in March, 1869, returned to the shores of England. The writer of this notice has been permitted to inspect the "Rob Roy," safely moored in its place of repose—a bedroom in the Temple.

Mr. MacGregor has been in the habit of devoting profits arising from his writings to the support of various philanthropic societies. After his return from the East in 1869, he instituted what is known as the "Rob Roy Lecture," in which he popularly described his Eastern cruise, illustrated by diagrams, dresses, relics, and by the cooking and cabin fittings, sails, paddle, and gear of the canoe. From this source up to January last, £4,300 had been produced, and, since, the sum of £700 more has been or will shortly be secured. The entire amount, £5,000, has been munificently devoted by Mr. MacGregor in aid of the funds of churches, schools, hospitals, refuges, deaf and dumb institutions, and other charities. So numerous had the applications become from all parts of the country, that the terms were raised from £50 to £100 for each lecture.

We have already referred to Mr. MacGregor's constant and varied exertions, extending now over a long series of years, among the neglected children of London, and we have seen that he took an active part in the preliminary labours which led to the passing of the Industrial Schools Acts. Excellent as is the law created by the Act of 1866, it has yet the serious defect that no authority or agency is provided by it to secure its practical operation. It is the business of any one—that is, of no one—to rescue neglected, destitute, or vicious children from the streets, and to take the means required by the law to place them in a certified industrial school. During a visit to schools in Sweden the idea was suggested to Mr. MacGregor of a mode of effectively supplying the deficiency of the Act. He found that the compulsory system of education in that country is made operative by an agent in each district, called a "Persuader," whose work is similar to what is needed in England to take up the case of neglected children. The council of the Reformatory and Refuge Union agreed to Mr. MacGregor's proposal for a trial of the Swedish plan in London. A suitable agent was found, named the "Boys' Beadle," who, properly instructed, went to work for four years, in an assigned area, and with a very remarkable success.*

It was after this practical experiment that Mr. Forster introduced a clause in the Elementary Education Act of last year, empowering School Boards to appoint officers to do virtually what is done by the "Persuader" in Sweden, and by the "Boys' Beadle" in London and Birmingham. Many of the School Boards are taking steps to put their powers in force, and thus we may look for the happiest results all over the country in the management and education of our neglected juvenile population.

Mr. MacGregor was elected to a seat on the London School Board for the district of Greenwich, and will thus be enabled to bring his large experience and enlightened views to account in the great work of elementary education. To his more professional and literary labours we need not here refer; but we may mention that he has largely contributed to current literature, and has specially devoted himself to the study of marine propulsion. On this subject he made a communication to the British Association at its last meeting in Dublin; and before the Society of Arts he read a paper, with illustrations, on "The Paddle and the Screw." He has also for many years been collecting materials for a new work on the Steam

Engine, projected by Mr. Scott Russell, which is not yet ready for publication. In prosecuting these labours he studied the archives at Simancas, and was able to prove that Spanish claims to the first steamboat are without foundation. From his researches in the Royal Library at Hanover he established the claims of Papin to be the first who used a steamboat. Many documents bearing on the question of the steam-engine in Russia, America, France, and England, were also investigated by him for the first time.

We would not fail to mention, in concluding our notice of Mr. MacGregor's varied works, his canoe excursions, and his books of travel—all illustrated by his own hand—that at the Hythe School of Musketry Volunteer Class in 1860 he won the first prize; and also that he gained the first prize of the London Scottish Corps for shooting, three several times.

SOMETHING TO FALL BACK UPON.

THE STORY OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WAS RULED BY HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

"WELL, you see, sir, it's not as if I had nobody nor nothing to fall back upon!"

"No, Mrs. Pricket, certainly not."

"And you see, sir, being as it is so, I feel as if I oughtn't to go for nothing in your mind."

Mr. Willow could have told his housekeeper that she went for a great deal more in his mind than he could afford to pay; but he only smiled a faint repudiation of Mrs. Pricket's being at that low estimate with him, saying nothing.

"And of course, sir, though I am a servant (in a way), I've got my feelings!"

Mr. Willow could have replied that, though he was a master (in a way, and in a very *poor* way), he had his; but he merely nodded assent.

"So, sir, I consider that giving up my ease that I *might* be having, and nobody to say me no in no way, is worth something, sir."

Mr. Willow remembered a proverb about *gold* being bought dear, but he was silent still.

"And you can't say, sir, but what I've done my best every way to make you comfortable."

Here was a case decided for him. If he couldn't say so, he couldn't; but he didn't see things in the same light, his view being that Mrs. Pricket's exertions tended too often to make him very uncomfortable.

"You don't say it's true, sir, but you can't deny it, I'm sure?" said Mrs. Pricket, in a tone of defiant irritation.

"I wish to deny nothing, Mrs. Pricket; I have found no fault with you, and I don't see what you are trying to do—do you wish to—are you thinking of—" Afraid of suggesting anything that might offend still more, Mr. Willow ceased.

"I'm not thinking about anything, sir, only the more I do and slave and worrit to make things comfortable, the more unsatisfied you seem to be, and I do take it hard, sir, I do; and when I asks myself, 'What have I done, that master never speaks nor notices me?' I can't give a 'countable reason.'"

Mr. Willow might have furnished a very 'countable reason for silence and avoidance of his housekeeper's society, but he assured her, instead, that she had taken offence without cause, that he never inter-

* For full information of the work done by this agent, see the "Boys' Beadle," by "Rob Roy," to be had of the secretary of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, 24, New Street, Spring Gardens, London.

tionally hurt her feelings (he might have added, having too much regard for his own), that he was well satisfied with all her efforts and doings, and quite sensible of the sacrifice she made of her independence to live with him.

"Yes, sir, I own it is a sacrifice, as you say, but I hope I know my duty, and I don't mind my trouble nor nothing if you was satisfied."

Vainly did Mr. Willow try to convince her that he was satisfied; that she must not construe a sad look, which other matters unknown to her had inspired, into disapproval of her; the more he yielded, the more she demanded, adding reproaches of his showing discontent in his face because there was nothing he could lay hold of to blame in words.

"Really, my friend, if you will take to *surmising* I cannot help it, but you will make yourself and everybody you have to deal with (a sigh) very unhappy if you persist in that habit."

This was the finishing stroke; she "surmise"! nobody had ever laid a finger on her character before; it had come to something indeed when she was to stand and hear herself charged that way!

The torrent was so strong that Mr. Willow was in a measure carried along with it, so that he was deafened and stupefied, and could not answer. And Mrs. Pricket, overcome by this crown of her wrongs, the charge of "surmising," rushed out of the room, her apron at her eyes, declaring that it was too much even for her to bear.

"Blessed are the meek!" Can any one be too meek? Mr. Willow was too meek; the spirit of submission that should have been in the servant was in him, and the effect of this topsy-turvy arrangement was that both were injured. Let him that is appointed to drive hold the reins—and use the whip, if the steeds are sluggish or restive. Let him that reigns, whether a king or a schoolmaster, or a cook over a scullion, see to it that he maintains his rightful authority; there is no peace, no prosperity under a supine government, whether the seat of it is a country or a kitchen. Mr. Willow was so tender in spirit that, to use a common expression, "he would not hurt a fly;" but as this tenderness was not back-boned by a sense of duty as a master to exercise the authority vested in him, many a fly hurt him. Mrs. Pricket was at times a gnat to bite and a wasp to sting—at her best she was a buzzing bluebottle, and so tiresome had she become through his faulty forbearance, that life had for some time past seemed burdensome to him. A sensitive man, highly conscientious, most susceptible affectionate and considerate of others, he was constantly blaming himself for want of these qualities when he ought to have been exercising others. What he could do in the present crisis was not apparent; what he would much have liked was that some benevolent strong hand would carry off his housekeeper bodily, and leave him, incapable as he was of contriving for it, in solitude.

"Please, sir, a lady," said the housekeeper, opening the door with a jerk, and turning her eyes away from him as if it were beyond human nature to look forgiveness of such base ingratitude.

Much relieved was poor Mr. Willow when he beheld the serene face of his cousin, a matron about his own age, who, having been paying a visit in the neighbourhood, had resolved not to go home without seeing him.

As he talked with her his troubles vanished. He forgot that they had ever existed; in due time Mrs.

Pricket appeared with a solemn face and announced, "Dinner."

"I hope there may be something that will suit you," said Mr. Willow, offering his arm; "I always leave things of this sort to good Mrs. Pricket; she manages so admirably for me that I should only spoil them by interfering."

"Cousin" coughed a little dry cough as she noticed the upbraiding look on the housekeeper's face; it seemed to say, "Don't think I'm going to be smoothed over in *that* way!" She felt sure there was something wrong somewhere.

It was not in the dinner; on so short a notice, Mrs. Pricket, whose pride was up, and who knew that a lady would be able to set a right value on her skill and zeal in serving, had extemporised a surprising bill of fare, considering all things, and her master and his guest did full justice to the feast, he praising everything at every opportunity, she merely assenting with a commonplace approval that was not satisfactory to the housekeeper's feelings.

"That woman is invaluable as a manager, cousin, but—" said Mr. Willow, when dinner was over, and he felt strengthened and encouraged by company; he stopped at "but."

"But what?" inquired "Cousin."

Poor Mr. Willow—now the tide had set in, wave followed wave, he laid his whole case before her, and declared that, clever as his housekeeper was, good as she was in honesty, frugality, fidelity, and strong interest in him, yet she made his life miserable.

"If I hadn't seen it, Cousin Willow, I wouldn't have believed it," was the answer.

"Ah, then, you did see—you did notice how very painful her manner was while she waited on us? I assure you I quite dread your going away."

"Cousin" laughed a hearty little laugh, declaring that she was too much occupied with *his* behaviour during dinner to take notice of the housekeeper's.

"What did I do?" he asked, in great concern; for he knew he would have to pay penance in full when he was again in the power of the foe, if he had committed any undesigned misdemeanour against her.

"What did you do?" answered "Cousin," "why you went the way to spoil the best servant in the world; don't think me severe, Cousin Willow, but with your management you richly deserve all you have had to go through."

"You see," said Mr. Willow, after expatiating both on her value and her tyranny, "I hardly know what course to pursue; she has a house of her own and a small income enough to maintain her, so that she stays on purpose to accommodate me."

"Oh, certainly!" remarked "Cousin," with a sarcastic smile—adding, "and you would prefer her going?"

"Yes—really—valuable as she is—I—" said Mr. Willow, hesitatingly.

"Now," said "Cousin," "I see exactly how the land lies; if you will trust me to interfere, I will tackle this good woman for you, and bring her to her senses; but I much fear" (shaking her head) "that you would soon drive her out of them by your foolish behaviour; yes, cousin, and very wrong behaviour too, I must call it."

"What had I better do?" he asked, in a state of nervous, anxious depression.

"What you should have done years ago, cousin, was to marry; then your wife would come between

you and household cares, which you are about the worst man to meddle with or bear, that I know; but it's too late in the day for that now, I'm afraid; I advise you, therefore, to look straight into the question of whether you are to manage your servant or your servant is to go on managing you; if you think the last suits with comfort and *conscience*, well and good; if not, either turn this woman off, or turn over a new leaf with her," said "Cousin."

After some further discussion it was agreed that the lady should have a conference with Mrs. Pricket, and that Mr. Willow should be decided by the result.

As her visit was only to continue till the next morning, there was no time to be lost. So, when night came, and the housekeeper was proffering various attentions as "maid," the attack was covertly opened.

"You seem to know how to make things comfortable, Mrs. Pricket."

"Yes, ma'am; it isn't hard to do that when you've got a thorough good will to it," replied the housekeeper, looking as if she was high above all conceit, and claimed nothing but moral excellence.

"You have been some years with Mr. Willow?"

Yes, she had, and now, her turn for stating her grievances being come, she pursued them with vigour, "Cousin" offering no interruption, but allowing her to go on till she failed for want of breath.

"Yes," she then remarked, "I dare say you do find it dull, alone, and Mr. Willow a very silent man."

"I don't hear his voice for days, ma'am," exclaimed the housekeeper.

"Ah! I suppose you would rather have a little fault-finding than no talk at all?"

Mrs. Pricket would not have done this, but for the sake of strengthening her position she said she would.

"Yes, yes, and then to have no interference in anything lays too much care on you; of course you would like to be directed; not to be left so much to yourself?"

Now, that Mrs. Pricket was never found fault with, nor interfered with, formed the two chief items in her regard for her place, yet she assented to the question, and declared it was a great weight of responsibility.

"It is indeed—but I understand you are not obliged to remain in any service?"

Oh, no; nothing but the purest devotion induced the housekeeper to remain with her master. She had plenty to "fall back upon."

"Then let me recommend you to fall back upon it," said "Cousin," who had clearly seen into the housekeeper's determination not to go while she could stay. "I think I know a person who would be very thankful for the place, and with a little instruction in his ways, which I am sure you would be glad to give, she would make Mr. Willow comfortable."

Mrs. Pricket was snuffing the candle when this speech was made, and nearly snuffed it out, she was so startled at the unexpected suggestion. She made some confused remarks about master's never being able to bear strangers, and his having such particular ways, and hinted how much he would miss her.

"Oh, it is surprising how soon men get over things of that sort, Mrs. Pricket; he would be well used to a new face in a little time, I'm sure. It's very kind of you to think so much about him, but at your time of life, and in your circumstances too, you should look after yourself. Suppose I mention to Mr. Willow in the morning that you can't undertake the place any longer, and that you will do all you can to help for-

ward the young woman I can send to him; she is a very pleasing, kind, clever, good young woman, and I'm sure you would like her."

Mrs. Pricket was fairly overcome; she was sure she never had had a thought of leaving her dear master; she did think it hard of him to lay bad things to her (alluding to his charge of her "surmising," which she had complained of in the list of his offences, and which "Cousin" had not meddled with in the way of explanation), but she would bear anything for his sake, and as to "time of life," she hoped she'd got some years of work in her yet.

But "Cousin" meant to strike home; so she made a difficulty of allowing Mrs. Pricket to continue a victim, and hinted obscurely that Mr. Willow was more than willing to release her; the consequence was an almost hysterical declaration on the part of the housekeeper that she would not go without he told her!

"Cousin" warned her, in that case, to look cheerful, and to get a chat with a friend when she felt lonely, so as not to fall into low spirits, "for I am pretty sure," she added, "if my cousin sees you out of sorts, he will write to me on the subject; he is too kind-hearted to bear to see any one about him unhappy."

"Now, Cousin Willow, I have made your bed easy for you, as the saying is; it is your fault if you spoil it," said the lady, after having the next morning told him what had passed. Mr. Willow promised heartily to be a firmer master, if she recommended him to keep Mrs. Pricket.

"I recommend you to do so now, because I think she has had a lesson, and will try to keep her place; moreover—excuse me, cousin—because you will spoil any servant, the best in England; so you may as well go on with her as ruin another."

Mr. Willow was greatly impressed by the alteration in the housekeeper, who devoutly hoped, as she assisted "Cousin" into the chaise, that she should never have to help her out of one at that door again. But she owed her much, for the salutary lesson she had taught her was an effectual curb on her temper afterwards: not that she did not occasionally break forth into turbulent fits; but she soon recovered from them, and always looked nervously (after one of such) at the directions of letters to be posted, to see if one bore the dreaded name and address of "Cousin," requiring possibly the coming of the "pleasant, clever, kind, good young woman" that she was to be so fond of! This spectre haunted her whenever conscience told her that she had transgressed the bounds of her duty; reminding her, as it did, that she was not alone in her independence, but that master, like herself (thanks to "Cousin's" interference), had "something to fall back upon."

EASTERN WORDS IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

SOME words are very long-lived, and some are great travellers; some win their way to popular favour at once, and others continue for a considerable period in obscurity; some are speedily thrown aside for the new favourites of fashion, and others hold their ground against all comers.

Words may undergo strange vicissitudes of form and also of meaning, and they are very likely to be modified in one or other of these respects in accordance with the character of the language and nation

to which they are introduced. As soon as a word has fairly settled down in a country, and adapted itself to the grammar and pronunciation of the people, it may be said to be naturalised. This naturalisation, however, can hardly take place until the word is in common use. Now, since grammar and pronunciation and modes of representing certain sounds differ in different countries, a word which has passed into several languages will exhibit frequently much diversity of form. In fact, a word may be so altered in appearance and pronunciation, that it requires careful attention and some knowledge to identify it in its many metamorphoses.

The preceding remarks suggest a curious and interesting branch of study, but one to which we do not now intend more than a passing reference. Those who have learning and leisure may employ themselves agreeably in searching out the origin and history of words, and in ascertaining the countries from which they come to us. To illustrate the manner in which strange words have obtained a place in our language, and to point out some of their sources, is the immediate object of this paper. Inasmuch, however, as these words are very numerous, we shall select a few which have reached us from Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and the adjacent lands. We will take them in something like alphabetical order, reminding our readers that these words are not all directly borrowed by us from their native countries, but that some of them have reached us through other intermediate channels.

The word *abbot* or *abbat*, and its relatives *abess* and *abbey*, all come from the Hebrew *ab*, or the Syriac *abba*, meaning "father." For reasons which it is needless to explain, priests and monks came to be called "fathers" in the East, and when monastic institutions travelled westward, the old Oriental names were retained in substance in Greek and Latin, as well as in modern European languages. The terms, "monk," and "monastery," go no further than the Greek language, but *abbat* and *abbey* point to the East as the place where such things were invented. They say the word "nun" came out of Egypt, but "convent" is merely Latin.

The ancient Arabs, or rather the Mohammedans who used the Arabic language, were zealous in the pursuit of science. Hence it comes to pass that sundry terms relating to chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics are derived from the Arabic. We may specify alchemy, alcohol, alembic, alkali, algebra, almanac, azimuth, algorithm, nadir, zenith. The first of these words is said to be composed of the Arabic article "*al*" and a Greek word; it therefore means much the same as "*the chemistry*," because it denoted the real or pretended art of preparing remedies for prolonging life, and that of transmuting metals of inferior value into gold. Its adepts do not seem to have been very successful in the former, and it is certain they never accomplished the latter. As for the word "*alcohol*," it properly denoted a very fine mercurial powder used by eastern women for painting their eyes. The application of the term to distilled spirits seems to have been unknown in the East, and is said to have been introduced by Arnold of Villanova, who was an eminent alchemist at Montpellier, where he discovered the art of distilling spirits in the thirteenth century. The *alembic* was a vessel used in distillation, and its name seems to be partly Arabic and partly Greek. *Alkali* means soda, but we use the word for other substances with corre-

sponding qualities. The name of *algebra* indicates the process of combining various elements and figures. There is some doubt about *almanac*, which signifies "a present," according to some, because it was an ancient practice in the East for friends to present one another with a calendar as a new year's gift. Others suppose the word signifies "a computation," but all agree that it reached us from the Arabs. *Azimuth* literally means "the path" (compare Latin *semita*), but is applied to an imaginary circle reaching from the zenith to the horizon, in astronomical science. *Algorithm* is a spurious mixture of Greek and Arabic. Here *al* is the article ("the"), the letter *g* is a super-numerary, and the rest of the word is from the same source as "arithmetic," namely, Greek. *Nadir*, meaning "opposite," is the point in space exactly beneath us, and contrary to *zenith*, which is the point exactly above us. Although few would suspect it, *zenith* is really the same word as *azimuth*, without the Arabic article. In its complete form the Arabic expression denotes "the way of the head;" that is, in the direction of or precisely above our head.

But if science and religion have supplied us with words from the East, trade and commerce have been even more abundant in their gifts. Merchants have returned with all sorts of commodities, and in some cases they brought us the first specimens of plants and fruits, which are now familiar to us all. M. Pihan, to whose curious book on our subject we are greatly indebted, furnishes us with numerous examples, from which we select a few. The *apricot*, or, as we have seen the name written in old books, "abricock," is a Persian fruit, which the Persians call *berkuk*. The Spanish Moors prefixed an Arabic article to the Persian name, and in course of time the compound has assumed the form in which we see it. But in this, as in other heterogeneous compounds, there is history. The Persian fruit was taken to Spain by the Mohammedans, and has spread from thence over the rest of Europe. M. Pihan does not observe the fact, but we believe the word *peach* is, like the fruit, of Persian origin, and that it is all we have of the ancient Latin name *Malum Persicum* (Persian apple), by which it was first introduced into Europe. There is another word, "*aloes*," which is very interesting. It is found four times in the Bible (Num. xxiv. 6; Prov. vii. 17; Song of Sol. iv. 14; Ps. xlv. 9), and the Hebrew forms (*ahalim* and *ahaloth*, both plural) are not very different from our own. We must recollect, however, that *aloes* is the name of an odoriferous wood, of a plant or shrub, and of the drug called *aloes* in commerce. In the Bible, the fragrant wood only is meant. This wood was accounted most precious among the ancients. There are two kinds: one of them is found in Siam, Cochin China, and China, and considered too valuable to be exported. The other is found in the East Indies and Moluccas, and is not so good. The estimation in which this commodity was held is shown by the resemblance which its name bears in Greek to that given it in the Molucca islands, and among the Hebrews. In the remotest ages it was almost certainly an article of commerce conveyed from the distant East to the luxurious cities of Greece. The name given by the Persians and Arabians to the drug and the plant which produces it resembles yet more closely our English word *aloes*, and has also found its way into Greek and Latin. The Greeks and Latins were therefore acquainted also with the *aloes* of commerce.

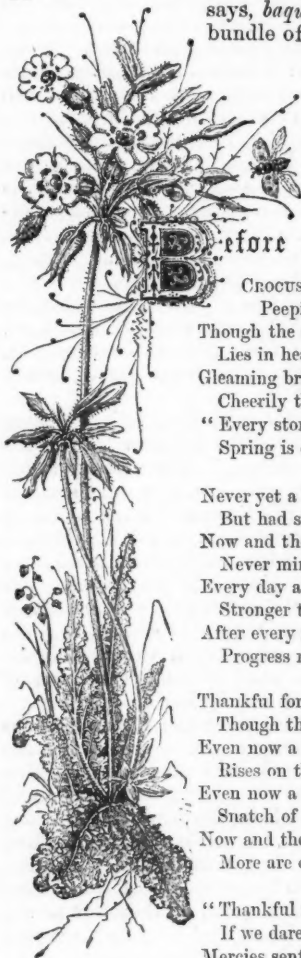
Amber is another Arabic term, and the *ambergris* is held in high repute by Arabs, Persians, and Turks, who use it along with musk and aloes in their perfumes. The word *artichoke* is supposed by some to be Arabic, and M. Pihan is of that opinion, but we cannot speak positively about it. With regard to *balsam* and its contraction *balm*, there is no doubt. With some variations of form it is found in several Oriental languages. The Greeks probably became acquainted with it through the Phœnicians from Tyre and Sidon, and from them the word passed into Latin and other European tongues. The Hebrew word *basam*, which occurs in "Solomon's Song" (v. 1), is the same, and signifies "the fragrant," or simply "perfume," very well describing its character. The true balsam was cultivated in Judea, and, indeed, is said to be still found there. Ancient writers celebrate this product of the Holy Land, and it has always been esteemed among the Orientals. The Greeks not only called it balsam, but *opobalsam*, because *opos* in their language denoted the juice, sap, or gum of a plant: hence, *opodeldœ*, *opopanax*, etc. Speaking of names, it may be observed that although balsam was so called as "the perfume" by way of eminence, the Hebrews had another name for it, and especially for the "Balm of Gilead," to which there are several references in Scripture. This balm of Gilead was celebrated from the most ancient times, both for its fragrance and for its use as an external remedy. It was an article of merchandise with the Ishmaelites who bought Joseph, and it was one of the presents which Jacob sent into Egypt (Gen. xxxvii. 25; xliii. 11). Jeremiah mentions it (Jer. viii. 22; xli. 11; li. 8); and Ezekiel speaks of it as a commodity in which Judea traded with Tyre (Ezek. xxvii. 17). Among the secular authors who allude to it we may refer to Pliny, Josephus, Justin, and Tacitus. Pliny says balsam was preferred to all perfumes, and was found in Judea only, and there in but two gardens. He adds that it was carried in triumph at Rome among the spoils of Judea. Tacitus enumerates balsam among the products of Judea. Josephus records that the best balsam was produced near Jericho and the Dead Sea. Justin declares that the nation was enriched by the revenues from balsam which only grew in that country. Other authorities might be adduced, but we will only add, that according to a common story the balsam was destroyed in Palestine, and only preserved in Egypt. Singularly enough, the identification of the plant which produced the balsam or *opobalsam* of the ancients has been found very difficult. At present the words *balm* and *balsam* are applied to sundry plants and drugs which have no connection with the one mentioned in Scripture.

Bergamot, a 'valuable tree' from which a fragrant essence of the same name is procured, is commonly thought to be named from Bergamo in Italy. Others maintain with much probability that the name is really Turkish. In that language *beg* (a name which we sometimes meet with, also written *bey*) signifies a local or provincial governor or lord; and *armudi* means a pear. *Beg-armudi* is easily corrupted into *Bergamot*. M. Pihan, to whom we owe this explanation, quotes three lines from an Italian poem by Caporali (born 1531, died 1601) on the gardens of Mecœnas, to the effect:—

"Qui dunque il Bergamotto avea 'l primiero
Luogo: e gli conveniva, poiche il Turchesco
Bergamotto vuol dir il Signor pero"—

that is to say, "There then the bergamot held the first place; and rightly so, for the Turkish *bergamot* means 'the lord-pear.'"

We are indebted to the French, as they to commerce, for the word "*bougie*" as the name of a wax candle. The truth is that a town in North Africa is so called; it lies to the east of Algiers, and was once famous for the *wax* it supplied. Hence it comes to pass that the name of a particular kind of wax has had its meaning extended until the original intention of the word is forgotten. There is another French word in common use among us, *bouquet*, which also appears to come from the East, if, as M. Pihan says, *baqut* in Arabic means, "a bundle of sweet flowers."



Before the Spring.

CROCUSES and snowdrops
Peeping from the ground,
Though the slowly melting snow
Lies in heaps around;
Gleaming bright in gold and white
Cheerily they say,
"Every storm is one the less,
Spring is on the way."

Never yet a heavy cloud
But had silver fold;
Now and then a sunny noon,
Never mind the cold:
Every day a longer span—
Stronger tint of green—
After every rainy night
Progress may be seen.

Thankful for small mercies—
Though the woods are bare,
Even now a violet scent
Rises on the air;
Even now a blackbird tries
Snatch of summer tune,
Now and then a robin sings—
More are coming soon.

"Thankful for small mercies,"
If we dare to call
Mercies sent to hearts so cold
Either few or small:
Never yet a dreary day
But might darker be;
He who bids the seasons roll
Cares for you and me.

Precious is the faith that dares
Hopefully to sing,
Waiting through the wintry gloom
Patiently for Spring:
Wonderful how much of good
Tiny cups may hold;
Welcome, little early flowers
Shining through the cold!

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